



"Although I had read scriptural accounts of maya, they had not given me the deep insight that came with personal visions and with the accompanying words of consolation. One's values are profoundly changed when he is finally convinced that creation is only a vast motion picture and that not in it, but beyond it, lies his own reality.

After I had finished writing this chapter, I sat on my bed in the lotus posture. My room was dimly lit by two shaded lamps. Lifting my gaze, I noticed that the ceiling was dotted with small mustard-colored lights, scintillating and quivering with a radiumlike luster. Myriads of penciled rays, like sheets of rain, gathered into a transparent shaft and poured silently upon me.

At once my physical body lost its grossness and became metamorphosed into astral texture. I felt a floating sensation as, barely touching the bed, the weightless body shifted slightly and alternately to left and right. I looked around the room; the furniture and walls were as usual, but the little mass of light had so multiplied that the ceiling was invisible. I was wonder struck.

"This is the cosmic motion-picture mechanism," a voice spoke as though from within the light. "Shedding its beam on the white screen of your bed sheets, it is producing the picture of your body. Behold, the form is nothing but light."

I gazed at my arms and moved them back and forth, yet could not feel their weight. Ecstatic joy overwhelmed me. *The cosmic stem of light, blossoming as my body, seemed a divine reproduction of the light beams that stream out of the projection booth in a cinema house and make manifest the pictures on the screen.*

For a long time I experienced this motion picture of my body in the faintly lit theater of my own bedroom. Though I have had many visions, none was ever more singular. As the illusion of a solid body was completely dissipated, and as my realization deepened that the essence of all objects is light, I looked up the throbbing stream of lifetrans and spoke . . ."

Autobiography of a Yogi by P. Yogananda
Self-Realization Fellowship, Los Angeles

"The organ in the brain for thought-transference, both transmitting and receiving, is the pineal gland. If any one thinks intently on an idea, vibrations are set up in the ether which permeates the gland, thereby causing a magnetic current, which gives rise to a slight quiver or creeping feeling. This feeling indicates that the thought is clear and strong enough to be capable of transmission. With most people the pineal gland is not yet fully developed, as it will be in the course of evolution."

The Etheric Double by A.E. Powell, Theosophical Pub. House, Wheaton, Ill.

"Since the pineal gland is not the sole source of any hormone, removal of this organ is without appreciable effect in mammals."

Comparative Anatomy of the Vertebrates by George C. Kent

"We know that LSD operates via the natural chemicals of the body, and that the producer of these tremendously powerful chemical agents the pineal gland, is delicately responsive to these cosmic radiations we call visible light. Are there other emanations from the cosmos to which the pineal glands of certain exceptional individuals are also responsive?"

The Parable of the Beast by John N. Bleibtreau
